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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

EXPEDITION TO THE POLE.

The Possibility of approaching the North Pole, asserted. By the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON. *With an Appendix of Papers on the same subject, and on a North-West Passage. By* Col. BEAUFOY, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 258.

THIS is a well-timed revival of several tracts, originally read by their Author to the Royal Society, and published in the years 1775-6; further elucidated by Colonel Beaufoy's papers. The almost imprecedented interest which has been excited, respecting the Expedition now about to sail on a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole, similar to that under Captain Phipps, (afterwards Lord Mulgrave,) nearly 45 years ago, not only shews how anxiously alive the British people are to undertakings of this sort, but how great a blessing we enjoy in the Press, when its labours are devoted to purposes of general utility and science.

Most of our readers are aware that so early as 1527, the solution of the geographical problem now again brought upon the *tapis*, i.e. a passage to the East Indies by the North Pole, attracted much notice, when the possibility of accomplishing that object was suggested by a Bristol merchant, to Henry VIII. But it was not till almost a century after, in 1607, that the first Expedition was fitted out by a body of London merchants, and sailed with the design of navigating the circumpolar seas. From that period to the present, many efforts have been made to approximate the Pole; accounts of most of which are contained in the volume before us.

That of Captain Phipps, in 1773, is the most formal and remarkable. He reached the high northern latitude of between 80° and and 81°, where his progress was arrested by a barrier of ice, extending for more than 20 degrees. Nevertheless, Mr. Barrington, at whose motion this Expedition had been appointed, persisted in his opinion, that it was practicable to proceed further, and in support of this theory, he sought out all the written, traditionary, and viva voce, evidence which is in this volume laid before the public. The mass of testimonies which he has collected, does great honour to his perseverance in the cause of science; and as far as such questions can be affirmed by such arguments, does, as we think, establish these facts:—

1st. That the sea is open about the Pole.

2d. That the Polar seas are sometimes navigable.

3d. That there is a passage by the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and

4th. That the ices in these latitudes are formed, not in the Polar seas, but on the coasts of Labrador, &c. the rivers of Siberia, Tartary, &c. and being first carried northward, there form the ice-bergs and other congelations, which again drifting to the south, have given rise to the belief, that they were produced in the ocean under the North Pole, (the ideal *primum frigidum* of the later Philosophers,) which was consequently unapproachable.

We shall not enter into the details by which these several propositions are upheld, but we may shortly state that the *first* and *second* rest on the concurrent testimony of every navigator who has penetrated into the most northernly latitudes; the sea being invariably found the freer from ice the higher they reached; and also on the circumstance of the whales coming down from the north, where their breathing would not allow them to exist were the sea covered by an icy crust. In support of the *third* assumption, the nature of the currents, the *ipse dixit* of the inhabitants on the side of Davis' Straits, and the almost irrefragable proof of recently cut wood, trees, &c. being met with driven from the Pacific shores, are all validly urged. The *fourth* is sustained by the actual observation of intelligent men who have visited the regions alluded to, and by philosophical experiments on the freezing of salt water.

Such is the general scope of Mr. Barrington's reasoning, which is very convincing, besides being extremely curious in some of the particulars which we shall proceed to notice.

After recording at some length the different latitudes which are said to have been reached by navigators referred to, they are recapitulated as follows, taking credit for nearly a degree to the northward of their several situations, because the * *blink* or *glare* of the *packed* ice is distinguishable at this distance when the weather is pretty fair.

	°	′
Captain John Reed	80	45
Captain Thomas Robinson (for three weeks)	81	—
Captain John Phillips	81	odd min.
James Hutton, Jonathan Wheatley, Thos. Robinson, John Clarke, (four instances)	81	30
Captains Cheyne and Thew (two instances)	82	—
Climy and David Boyd (two instances)	82	odd min.
Mr. George Ware	82	15
Mr. John Adams and Mr. James Montgomery (two instances)	83	—
Mr. James Watt, Lieut. R.N.	83	30
Five ships in company with Hans Derrick	86	—
Captain Johnson and Dr. Dallie (two instances; to which perhaps may be added Captain Monson, as a third)	88	—
Relation of the two Dutch masters to Captain Goulden	89	—
Dutch relation to Mr. Grey	89	30

Indeed there is one instance stated, where the voyagers assert they had passed the Pole two degrees; but in all these cases it ought to be observed, that imperfect instruments, and mere conjectures from the sailing of the vessels from certain points and headlands, are too frequently the data on which the observations are founded, and cannot therefore be implicitly relied upon. Still however the aggregate seems to warrant the conclusion, that the Pole may be more nearly approached than it has hitherto systematically and scientifically been. It ought also to be considered that much depends upon the season in which the attempt is made, for the changes in the ice, both in

* The import of the term *ice blink*, is very necessary to be understood. "It is described to be an arch formed upon the clouds by reflection from the *packed ice*. Where the ice is fixed upon the sea, you see a snow-white brightness in the skies, as if the sun shined, for the snow is reflected by the air, just as a fire by night is; but at a distance you see the air blue or blackish. Where there are many small ice fields, which are as meadows for the seals, you see no lustre or brightness of the skies."—*Martens's Voyage to Spitzbergen*. Thus, from the appearance or non-appearance of this blink, the seamen can tell whether the sea is or is not clear to the north of them; whether it is in ice fields, or in tremendous masses, like an icy continent.

quantity and in situation, from year to year, is astonishing; but yet presenting an impenetrable wall, where the next there is clear water.

It evidently appears that revolutions of this kind have taken place, within the last three years, most importantly favourable to the present Expedition; and though our climate has not yet experienced any alteration from the removal of the immense East Greenland glaciers, it is worthy of peculiar remark, that almost all last year the climate of St. Petersburgh, and indeed of the whole northern continent of Europe, was mild and temperate beyond what it ever was remembered. This observation, which we derive from an intelligent friend, is of great weight, and seems to have escaped the notice of the able writers who have recently treated upon this subject.

Encouraged by the known dispersion of the long-existent ices in the Arctic seas, the Expedition is now most opportunely fitted out. The proper time for sailing is about the middle of April, in order to be in with the edge of the ice about the 10th of May, when it begins to separate and open. From this time till July or August, the sea is clearest of these frozen incumbrances, as, from September to the middle of May, it is most impeded. It further appears that a northerly wind, when of long duration, opens and separates the ice, (a strong presumption that it does not blow over an icy continent,) and that in June and July there is usually a smart breeze from the south-south-west auspicious for pushing towards the Pole.

It may at this time be interesting to describe the various kinds of ice which our countrymen will have to encounter in their enterprise. There are three kinds of ice in the Northern Seas. The first is like melted snow, which is becomé partly hardened, is more easily broken into pieces, less transparent, is seldom more than six inches thick, and, when dissolved, is found to be intermixed with salt. This first sort of ice is the only one which is ever formed of sea-water. (Dissertation by Michel Lomanasof, *de l'origine des monts de glace, dans le mer nord*, published in the Swedish Transactions 1752.) The other kinds are, the sheet ice, which seems to be formed on the flat coasts and floated into the ocean by the tides and currents; and the ice-bergs or packed ice, those prodigious masses which are held to be formed on land and precipitated into the sea, where they unite into solid continents. It is here observable that no sea was ever known to be frozen but the Black Sea, parts of the Baltic, and the White Sea, which have no tides, and are less salt than other seas, from the great influx of fresh rivers into their basins.

Mr. Barrington does not anticipate any danger to the navigators in an attempt to arrive at the Pole, though he mentions a whimsical apprehension expressed by the crew of a vessel called the Sea Nymph, the Captain of which, James Wilson, having in 1754 passed through floating ice from 74° to 81° and thence pursuing the whales to 82° 15′ where the sea was perfectly clear, wished to push further towards the North: but the sailors hearing of this intention, remonstrated, that if they should be able to proceed so far, the ship would fall into pieces, as the Pole would draw all the iron-work out of her. Should the vessels be blocked in the ice, it will not be difficult (with the preparations made*) to winter within the Arctic Circle; and even in the instances where the ships have been lost, it generally happens that the crews have been able to save themselves. With regard to temperature, it seems probable that the nearer the Pole they get, they will experience a less degree of cold: our arguments for this are not the supposed expanse of water in that region, but the heat which must naturally accrue from the reflection of the solar rays on the flattened surface which the oblate spheroidal shape of the earth gives (according to Newton) at the Poles.

We shall not enter into the considerations connected with the state of the compass, nor discuss Col. Beaufoy's reasons for thinking that the Pole might be visited even in winter, by traversing the ice from Spitzbergen, in sledges drawn by reindeer, though much curious information is contained in the volume under review, on both these topics. But we will conclude with noticing, that should the Expeditions happily attain the object in view, although, as we have stated in a former Number of the *Literary Gazette* (No. 58) the commercial advantages might not be so great as sanguine minds predicate, it is worthy of consideration, that to the northern parts of our island it must be of immense importance. The transit from the Shetland isles to the northern parts of Asia would by this way be the voyage of only a few weeks, and the hardy natives of these and the Orkneys might carry on a large traffic in our coarser woollens, than which nothing could be more acceptable to the inhabitants of those parts. It is needless to trace the ramifications by which such a trade would beneficially affect our agriculture, manufactures, and navigation—we shall only say, *Heaven prosper the undertaking.*

* We are assured that every provision which experience could suggest, has been amply made to insure the comfort, safety, and success of the Expedition. The *Esquimaux* who was brought over last year by one of the Greenland Captains, and has since been amusing the Inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith by his diving exploits, is a passenger in one of the vessels going out.

Beppo; *a Venetian Story*. 8vo. pp. 49.

If we are not much deceived, this is our amusing companion *Whistlecraft* again (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 26,) under a new banner. The author is a perfect knight-errant of Parnassus; at this tilt he is harnessed for the field in one kind of armour, and the next tournament he enters the lists cap-a-pee in another. In all he is one of the most entertaining combatants we ever coped with; curvetting and prancing about, with as little dread of being pierced by a critic's spear, as if he were invulnerable. With us he shall be so, for we will not even break a lance against him in sport.

Beppo, our plain English readers may be glad to know, is the Italian diminutive for Giuseppe, as Joe with us stands familiarly for the graver Joseph. Now this Beppo was a sea-faring Venetian, and during his cruises left a pretty wife at home, not at all like the Italian wife of Fazio, but free, liberal, and coquettish. After a humorous description of the Carnival, the story goes—

"Twas some years ago.
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The Carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain Lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a '*certain age*',
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person get by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time returned the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
She looked extremely well where'er she went.

To this very playful account, our author proceeds to add, with somewhat of more satirical wit,—

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas, if single ladies play the fool,
(Unless within the period intervenient,
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool)
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

The writer next describes Beppo, and tells us, that his last voyage had been protracted beyond the usual period, and beyond the patience which could be expected from any wife, especially one so gay as Laura.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thoughts of coming home;
And there were several offered any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come;
For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;
She deemed the window-frames and shutters brittle,
Against a daring house-breaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, chiefly to protect her.

Her choice is admirably painted;—a fashionable Count of the first water, in all the departments of coxcombry. Ex. gr. at the Opera.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hushed "Academie" sighed in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah!"
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

To sum up all,

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seemed a hero.

Such was the person whom the wife of Beppo very prudently selected as her *Cavalier Servente*, of which office, whether held under that name, or the more ancient one of *Cecisbeo*, or that of *Cortejo*, as in Spain, we have an exceedingly ludicrous portraiture. For this, however, we have not room; nor for the happy descriptions of the soft climate, and language, and females of Italy, into which the author digresses. We rather select the originally drawn contrast of our native land:

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it;)
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it;)
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

Our standing army and disbanded seamen,
Poor's-rate, Reform, my own, the Nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

To return to the tale, which, by the way, is nothing but a pretext for the whimsical illustrations appended to it, the Count and Laura jog on very tolerably together for half a dozen years; for

- - on the whole they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The Gentleman was fond, the Lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to break them:
The World beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wished "the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

They go to the Ridotto, during the Carnival, and the manners of this resort of gaiety are pictured with a vivacity worthy of the scene. Laura attracts much attention; the women depreciate, the men admire her; but

More than the rest one person seemed to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad.

The verse proceeds to shew the difference between these "poor dear Mussulwomen," and our Christian literary ladies; giving a deuce of a hit to the "would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen," of whom so many buz about our great Metropolis. One is singled out for a rap, enough to annihilate the whole race to which he belongs.

The Turk keeps staring at Laura in such style, that

Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray,
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

Day is on the point of breaking, and the company begin to retire; the ladies wisely fearing the effects of broad light upon their jaded forms and faded complexions. The Count conducts our heroine to her gondola, and they reach their abode, when,

- - - - - - - - - - - all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide,)
Sate Laura with a kind of comic horror,
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
"Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary for myself to crave
Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
I hope it is so; and at once to wave
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
'Sir,' (quoth the Turk) ''tis no mistake at all,
That Lady is *my wife!*' - - -

The denouement is as comic as the tale is sprightly.

- - - - much wonder paints
The Lady's changing cheek, as well it might;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

Among the cluster of interrogatories with which Laura overwhelms her spouse, we laughed at the quaintness of these:

And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?
And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?
With any other woman did you wive?
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm alive!
You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork,
And how so many years did you contrive
To— Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

To end this strange event*less* history, we may state, that Beppo had been a slave and a pirate; had amassed wealth, and, agreeing very well with the Count, enjoyed domestic repose, while his ability to give good dinners ensured him the friendship of the world. Thus served and honoured, his old age passed agreeably, as the very delightful poem of his biographer will pass. Beyond what we have quoted, it would be extravagance to dilate. To our minds Beppo is exquisite of its kind; it is the disporting of a genius which could do more if it wished, but which, even in its careless mood, shews that not only the easy, but the excellent of poetry, is within its scope, and that the most *spirituel* touches may be combined with the shrewdest observation of men and manners. As a mere jeu d'esprit it is admirable; but we are sure that every

person of taste who reads it, will agree with us, in thinking that it stands almost at the top of a style of writing with which England is not the most familiar—that of ingenious and playful satire. The fine atmosphere of Italy has not failed to produce its effect on the solid endowments of our countryman, and between English sense and foreign refinements, he has produced an exceedingly happy poem.

Observations on Lord Bathurst's Speech in the House of Peers, March 18, 1817, sent secretly to Sir Hudson Lowe, to the address of Lord Liverpool, 7th October 1817. pp. 111.

We should be better pleased to have nothing to say of this St. Helena pamphlet, but the subject is too curious to admit of our passing it over in silence. The cause of its being written, is stated in the body of the work by Count Montholon, who thus informs Sir Hudson Lowe:

"Your government, with the best intentions, cannot do any thing which shall on this rock prevent us from continuing to feel the privations of articles of the first necessity."

In one word, Buonaparte and his followers are horribly discontented with their seclusion in St. Helena. Denying the justice of their being held as prisoners at all, it is not surprising that they should consider every restraint as an insult and an injury. Their complaints are querulous and bitter; their conduct pettish and offensive.

The pamphlet is, we suppose, the production of Bertrand, with the plums put in by Buonaparte himself. It professes to have been prepared in the beginning of June, and brought forth four months after, in the beginning of October. It is too angry to be logical, but this does not take away from its genuine character, which is such as to entitle it to the *imprimatur* on the title page.

"I suppress these observations. I desire that they may be placed before the eyes of the Sovereign and of the people of England.

Longwood 9 *Oct.* 1817. *Napoleon.*

Thus vouched, we learn (page 3) that

"This great man is lying upon a rock; he is dying a death sufficiently slow to be apparently natural;—an excess of cruelty hitherto unknown among nations."

We confess we are at a loss to comprehend the barbarity of permitting such a man to die of apparent old age, though he says he would rather be beheaded or shot.

If the British government are to persist in their acts of injustice and violence, he will consider it as a benefit that they will order him to be put to death.—(94.)

You make him die of sickness; you can make him die of hunger; it would be a benefit if you would make him die by a musket shot.

Our government is not only reviled for hard-heartedly refusing to comply with these requests, but for many other acts of oppression. Buonaparte wishes to have a free and uncontrolled intercourse with Europe; which being refused, he will not hold any intercourse at all. He wishes to ride about the island without restraint; and, because beyond certain limits it is required that a British officer should be near him, he will not go out at all. He wishes to raise large sums, which he says are at his command; and because he is not permitted to do this by secret means, he will not draw for any sum at all, and grumbles very heartily at the hardships which this resolution imposes on his convivial enjoyments. In short, the island is the worst place in the world, Longwood the worst place in the island, and Sir Hudson Lowe the worst Governor in existence. From various pages we have extracted a summary of the grievances:—

The Emperor has not eaten bread for several months, on account of the badness of the flour; his constitution, though robust, is extremely weakened; he neither writes nor receives letters; for many months has not gone out; Longwood is a site exposed to all winds, a sterile tract, uninhabited, destitute of water, unsusceptible of any culture; and (in fine, 30 Sept. 1817) that the existence of the Emperor, particularly for the last six weeks, is extremely painful; that the swelling of his legs increases every day; that the symptoms of scurvy, which had been remarked in his gums, are already such as to occasion him almost constantly acute pains; that the medical men attribute this to want of exercise; that ever since the month of May 1816, that is to say, for 17 or 18 months, he has not been on horseback, has scarcely ever been out of his apartment—&c. &c.

Other complaints are really too ridiculous for notice: such, for example, as books being exposed to damage by rats for fifteen days, for want of book cases. But no doubt this seclusion, with its attendant precautions, must be very irksome to a person like Buonaparte; and the only question is, whether his ideas of convenience and proper treatment, and the ideas of other men, of what is required for the tranquillity of mankind, ought to be made the rule of conduct with regard to his confinement? We certainly know on which side there is the least evil; and think it better that one man, and he a man who has few claims on the love of his fellow-creatures, should suffer even oppression, than that the repose of the world should be endangered by his too great liberty.

That the aim of all the clamour raised is to obtain an opportunity for escape, is hardly concealed in the pamphlet. In page 26 the chances are calculated at 99 to 1 against the prisoners, providing there was no other guard than the brigs cruising round the island, and still more unfavourable with eight or ten infantry posts on the promontories. The bare conception of this is a hint not to be despised by those who have undertaken the safe custody of this tyrant and destroyer. Again at page 8, he says, "Do you seek for a place in which to enclose a man without any chance of freeing himself, without even a single chance in a thousand: you will find only one—a coffin." Yet he tells us elsewhere, that "If the security of the detention had been the only object in view, there was no want of castles or of houses in England."

With all the restrictions imposed, we find that means are devised to keep up a pretty constant intercourse with Europe. We find Las Cases corresponding with Lady Clavering, and Lady Holland sending packages to Madame Bertrand—no doubt pure from all sort of intrigue, though we cannot tell how to account for the story of M. Las Cases having property in London to the amount of 300*l.* per month for thirteen months (3,900*l.*) which he draws for the service of Buonaparte.

Neither our limits nor our inclinations prompt us to go more into the details of puerile resentment, of gasconade, of abuse of the governor, and other items of this publication, which will be too generally read to render our omissions of any consequence. We cannot but observe, however, that the author or his instigator has no right to look to this country either for friendship or pity. He was our direst enemy, bloody and perfidious. No good mind can have any sympathy with him. His punishment is light in comparison with his crimes, and he ought to thank heaven for being allowed to wear out his life in silence and repentance. He boasts of having been generous towards all the kings of Europe. We never needed the humiliating exercise of his

generously, and it might be a juster reflection, were he to think of his cruel treatment of the lovely Queen of Prussia, of his perfidy to the monarchs of Spain, of his murders of D'Enghiene, of Toussaint, and of many others whose stations were less exalted.

Towards the close of the pamphlet, every thing that has been *asserted* is spoken of as *proved*: and were we to pin our faith to this story, the mildest and most virtuous of men is experiencing the most unheard-of cruelties and persecution.

Firmly believing that no Briton of station and character would compromise his own and country's character by any act of needless oppression, we put this conviction in the balance against the trickish compositions of Buonaparte and his partisans, and protest that we do not attach the slightest credit to the assertions of this new tirade.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

(Captain Tuckey's Narrative continued.)

In returning from the last visit to the Chenoo, says the Narrator,

We passed a hut in which the corpse of a woman was lying drest, as when alive; inside the hut, four women were howling; and outside, two men standing close to the hut, with their faces leaning against it, kept them company in a kind of cadence, producing a concert not unlike the Irish funeral yell. These marks of sorrow, we understood, were repeated for an hour, for four successive days after the death of the person.

They next went to look at the burial ground, which was situated amongst a few rugged trees and bushes, and overrun with withered grass.

Two graves were preparing for *gentlemen*, their length being nine feet, and their breadth five. At this time they were nine feet deep, but we were told they would be dug to the depth of the tallest palm-tree, preserving the same length and breadth as at present; the soil, we observed, was a superficial layer of black earth, 18 inches deep, and all the rest a compact yellow clay. One of the old graves had a large elephant's tooth at each end; and another, which we understood to be a child's, had a small tooth lying on it; all had broken jars, mugs, glass-bottles, and other vessels stuck on them; some showed that there had been young trees planted on them, but all were dead except one plant of the cucumber quadrangularis. The graves seemed to be distinguished during life, by pieces of the compass, and not attention appeared to have been paid to them since their new beds filled.

Stalkers requested a piece of cloth to envelope his saint, who had been dead seven years, and was to be buried in two months, being now arrived at a size to make a genteel funeral. The manner of preserving a corpse for so long a time, is by enveloping them in cloth of the country, or in European cottons, the smell of putrefaction being only kept in by the quantity of wrappers, which are successively multiplied as they can be procured by the relations of the deceased, or according to the rank of the person; in the case of a rich and very great man, the bulk acquired being only limited by the power of conveyance to the grave; so that the first hut in which the body is deposited, becoming too small, a second, a third, and even to a sixth, increasing in dimensions, is placed over it.

The soil and climate in these parts are capable of producing the finest wheat, and two crops of rice annually; and the Island Booka Embomma is recommended as an eligible place for an European settlement. At the period of the year we now speak of (August) it is winter: the thermometer seldom rises above 76 in the day, and at night, when there are occasionally (not always) heavy dews, falling to 60. The mornings, from sunrise to 9 or 10 o'clock, are dark, hazy, and sometimes foggy; and the winds often light, from S. to S W. The sea breezes set in very irregularly from noon till 4 o'clock, from W. to WSW, and die away from sunset to 10 o'clock.

The small money in use is little mats of the leaf of the bamboo, about 18 inches square, 20 of which will purchase a fowl. The name of Zaire is utterly unknown to the people of Embomma, who call the river 'Moienzi eazaddi,' the great river, or literally the river that absorbs all the lesser ones.

There are several varieties of the Palm tree here, three of which afford palm-wine. The sweet wine is allowed to ferment, and produces an intoxicating beverage; when quite fresh it is very pleasing and wholesome. The Masongoi tree also affords a palm wine, considered of a superior quality; an inebriating liquor is also produced from Indian corn, and named baamboo.

The cultivation of the ground is entirely the business of the slaves and women, the king's daughters and princes' wives being constantly thus employed, as in collecting the fallen branches of trees for fuel. The only preparation the ground undergoes is burning the grass, raking the soil into little ridges with a hoe, and dropping the Indian corn grains into holes.

The other objects of cultivation seen by Cocolin T were bonnacco and two sorts of beans. Fruits were very scarce, consisting of only long plantains, small bitter oranges, limes, and pumpkins. The bountiful cocoa nut tree is not found here, and the only fruit noticed was the sweet Cassava, which the natives eat raw and roasted. There are also two species of sugar cane. Cotton grows wild most luxuriantly, but the natives are not at the trouble of gathering it, since the Liverpool ships ceased to take off the product.

The domestic animals are sheep, spotted black and white, with pensile ears, and no horns; goats; hogs of a small breed; a few dogs resembling the shepherd's dog, and cats. Common fowls of a small breed, and Muscovy ducks, are the only domestic poultry.

The Portuguese black cattle are little attended, but their appearance and meat are fine.

The wild animals ascertained, were the elephant, in small numbers, as the hilly country is unfavourable to them; buffaloes in abundance; antelopes, wild hogs, tigers and tiger cats, and plenty of monkeys. The hippopotamus and aligator are numerous. The only species of fish peculiar to the river, observed, was a kind of cat fish, and some small ones resembling the bleak.

Of birds, there are grey and other parrots, toucans, the common Royston crow, a great variety of kingfishers, many of the falcon tribe, and a species of water-hen.

Insects (with the exception of ants,) are not very numerous, there being no common flies, and very few musquitoes, some moths and beetles.

The natives mentioned large snakes, of which the early missionaries also speak as being 20 or 30 feet in length, but none were seen by our countrymen, except a water snake and some small lizards.

The musical instruments are, a drum, and sort of guitar, or rude lute, of which is of a very hard wood, one bridge, and eleven bars which it supports, of iron, crowned by a strap of bamboo fixed to the frame by strings of leather, and testing on a piece of skin. Its tones are soft and pleasing.

Both men and women shave the head in ornamental figures, according to fancy, and the brides are always close shaven before they are presented to their husbands, the operation being performed on them by an old woman. The women wear no under pendent breasts as ornamental; they swaddle girls as soon as they begin to form, pressing them close to the body, and downwards withal with bandages. They also some times file the two front teeth away, and raise cicatrices on the skin, as the fancy dictates.

So much are the natives of Embomma addicted to gaming, that they have no other amusement, and even to gaming they are inferior to their neighbours.

honestly, only one knife being stolen by a boy, who confessed the theft, upon all the persons being convened under the great tree and separately interrogated. Their superstitions are many and strange. Men will not eat the flesh of a fowl till tasted by a woman, to take off the *fetiche*—the *taboo* of the South Seas. Pumpkins and eggs are objects of similar superstitions; and when Captain T. killed a cow, the king sent for the fetiche piece for the *Ganga*, or priest, chusing very wisely the prime of the meat, one of the hind quarters.

The two prominent moral features are the indolence of the men, and the degradation of the women, who are considered as perfect slaves, at the entire disposal of their fathers and husbands. Notwithstanding this, however, the intriguing with a man's wife is punished by a fine of two slaves; and in default of payment, the husband seems to be authorized to murder the adulterer.

Both men and women rise at daylight; and after washing their skins, those who pretend to gentility, rub their shoulders and bodies to the waist with palm-oil, which, though it keeps their skin smooth, gives, even to the women, who otherwise have not the same natural effluvia as the men, a most disagreeable smell.

There are much fewer Mulattoes among them than might have been expected from their intercourse with Europeans, two only having been seen.

The mode of salutation is by gently clapping the hands; and an inferior at the same time goes on his knees, and kisses the bracelet off the superior's ancle.

They have no other means of reckoning or keeping an account of time than by moons; so that beyond half a dozen moons, not one of them can tell the lapse of time since any event may have happened. The day they divide into morning or breakfast, noon or grand time, and evening or supper.

Having gone through the general remarks which occurred to the writer in Embomma, we shall now accompany the expedition which proceeded upwards on the 5th of August. They observed on the north shore a hanging precipice, the place of execution of the king of Bomma's trial, wives, and their paramours, who are tumbled from the summit into the river, like poor Morris in Rob Roy.

On the 7th they continued their progress:

The anthills were here extremely numerous, but now unoccupied, it appearing that these insects shift their habitations to the trees in this season: those on the ground have exactly the shape of a mushroom, consisting of a round column, 18 inches high, surmounted by a domed head two feet in diameter.

An optical illusion, resembling the *mirage* in character, though not in kind, which the travellers witnessed, is worthy of notice, as we do not remember to have heard of such an appearance upon a river. Captain T. ascribes it to the state of the atmosphere, and the shadows of the high hills; but whatever was the cause, the effect was extraordinary—

The boats appearing to be placed on the pinnacle of an elevated mass of water, from which the descent was rapid on every side, so that in looking up the river the current seemed to be running up hill.

Though this is the first time we have read a specific account of this phenomenon in the Congo, it is well known to many seamen, that similar deceptions are common on the African coasts, where the vessel often appears to its inmates to be in the clouds, and the land lying low at their feet, while in point of reality, the shore is higher than the ship. Here the shadows of the mountains cannot produce the illusion, and we are rather inclined to attribute it to certain formations of the clouds.

At night the little flotilla anchored, and procured for supper a few shrimps, which a fisherman had just caught in a very well made cotton scoop-net. At 11 they again weighed and crossed the river to the banza Sooka Congo, the Mafooka of which sent his interpreter for a bottle of brandy, which he did not obtain. A few miles higher up, they passed close under a hill where upwards of twenty monkeys, which, had their tails not contradicted the supposition, would, from their bulk and black faces, have been set down for natives.

By the 9th they reached the Condo Sono, the spot where the slave trade was wont to be carried on, and the next day Captain Tuckey paid a visit to the Chenoo of Noki, whose banza it cost him two hours fatiguing march to approach. It is situated on the level summit of the highest hills, amidst palm-trees and plantations of vegetables, including young cabbages in great perfection.

In a few minutes (says the Captain) I was ushered into the presence of the Chenoo, whom we found seated with two other Chenoos, in much more savage magnificence, but less of European manner, than the king of Bomma, the seats and grounds being here covered with lions and leopard skins, the trending on which, by a subject of the highest rank, is a crime punished with slavery; and the care with which they stepped clear of them in passing to and fro, evinced that they never lost sight of the penalty. The Chenoo, besides his red cloak laced, had on his head an enormous high cap of the white feathers of the heron. One of the other kings was covered with an old hat; and the third was wrapped in a velvet mantle, and on his head a coronet, with a large button of coloured glass, which had evidently been procured from a theatre. This assembly was composed of about fifty persons squatted on the sand.

The result of the palaver was a grant of two guides to go as far as the cataracts, beyond which the country was a terra incognita to every soul of this Banza. The usual keg of brandy produced even a more riotous scramble than at Bomma, and "towards the conclusion, one having been unable to catch a share, his neighbour, who had been more fortunate, and who had kept it as long as he could hold his breath (as they always do,) very generously spat a portion of this mouthful into the other's mouth."

With this delicate trait, and the present of a measly pig from the king, we take our leave of the Chenoo of Noki.

(To be continued.)

NEALE'S TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

In proceeding from Vienna to Constantinople, Dr. Neale and his companion preferred the route through Galitzia and Moldavia by Lemberg, Iassy, and Galatz, to that through Hungary and Transylvania, by Bukarest and Ruschuk. On the second day they arrived at Brunn, a considerable town in Moravia, where, in the fortress of Spielberg, are immured the majority of the criminals of Austria, whose numbers, such are the moral habits of this people, are extremely limited. The criminal code of Austria visits very few offences with capital punishment; and to this may in great measure be attributed the unfrequency of crimes, of which there are more committed in one English county in twelve months than in all the Austrian states in two years.

Below the deep moats of this fortress (says Dr. N.) we were shewn several dungeons appropriated to the use of some hundreds of felons, who here drag out their loathsome existence. They had finished the labours of the day, and, under the inspection of the officers of the fort, the jailors were chaining them down to strong iron bolts running along the foot-boards of large wooden bedsteads, on the planks of which they were extended in rows of about forty persons each. They are not allowed straw, bed, of course, sleep in their

clothes. They were chained in pairs by handcuffs at the wrists, their feet being secured by a running chain, to the bolts before mentioned. The squalid misery and ruffian-like physiognomies of these wretched men were dreadful. Such too is the ferocious disposition which they often evince, that, as we were told by the officers, even upon very slight provocations when at work, they have been known to dash out their companion's brains with a blow of their handcuffs. Two or three of such desperadoes were pointed out to us, chained down in corners of the dungeons, apart from their companions in guilt. The lowest of the dungeons we visited was 80 feet beneath the bottom of the ditch, and the necessary ventilation is admitted by narrow grated shafts opening into the moat. In the rooms above are confined state criminals of rank. It was here that General Mack and Prince Aversperg were afterwards confined; the latter for two years, the former only for a few months. The labours of the common convicts consist in cleaning the streets and repairing the ramparts of Brunn: they work in pairs; and when at any time one of the two expires during the day, his companion is forced to drag his body about till sunset, when he is liberated from the corpse, but never before.

Brunn was becoming the Leeds of Austria; and several manufactories of fine woollen cloths and kerseymeres were in a very flourishing condition. Some English subjects were among the workmen, and English machinery was employed.

From Brunn the route lies through a fertile and well cultivated country, for four stages to Olmutz, or Holomauc, the capital of Moravia, and containing a population of 11,000 souls. This city sheltered the Imperial family after the fatal battle of Austerlitz. A particular tribe of people called Haunacks inhabit a tract of about 5 square German miles near Olmutz. They are said to be descended from the aboriginal Moravians, and appear to be of the Sclavonic race. They are short in stature, strong and muscular; temperate and simple in their habits, and in general long lived: they despise their neighbours. The young women are remarkable for grace and elegance of form, and a picturesque costume. Dr. N. gives a pleasant account of them, as well as of the Moravian Brethren, which *caste* has also its primitive seat in this quarter.

Passing through a part of Silesia, our travellers entered Galitzia, or Austrian Poland, at Bielitz, where the aspect of the country changed from the cheerfulness of agriculture and cultivation into a sombre and miserable appearance; the log huts of the peasants resembling rude cages, when compared to the stone buildings of the adjoining provinces. Travelling is here no pleasurable excursion. The accommodations are wretched, both in lodging and food. Dr. Neale gives a dreadful account of what Poland was; and though the bent of his politics is entirely the other way, he hails the *Partition* as the source of all the blessings the people now enjoy.

Arriving at Lemberg, the tourists waited to see Kutusoff's army march through; and having made a bargain with a Jew to furnish them with horses to Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, pushed on for that city. The state and condition of the Jews in this portion of Poland furnish matter for curious remark. In this country they have obtained their greatest and most permanent settlements, and enjoy privileges and immunities which they possess in no other region. They farm all the distilleries, and fabricate the pernicious beverages to which the Poles are so largely addicted, from grain rendered more palatable and destructive by the addition of the essential oils of fennel and carraway seeds, which are mixed with the wash previous to distillation. The inns are all in the hands of Jews, and they have the monopolies of pekry, the precious metals, diamonds, &c. as well as the principal share of the traffic in corn. Many of their richest families having affected to abjure their religion and embrace Catholicism, have been ennobled, and become great land owners. Thus the noble houses of Ossolenski, Majerski, and Riviczinski, are all of Hebrew origin, and the author adds,

The enjoyment of liberty and civil rights seems to have produced a strong effect on the physical constitution and physiognomy of this singular race; bestowing a dignity and energy of character upon them which we may in vain look for in those of other countries. The men clothed in long black robes reaching to their ancles, and sometimes adorned in front with silver agrafes, their heads covered with fur caps, their chesnut or auburn locks parted in front, and falling gracefully on the shoulders in spiral curls, display much manly beauty. Nay, I have frequently contemplated with astonishment many amongst them, whose placid, yet melancholy countenance, recalled strongly to my recollection the heads depicted by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Dolce, and the earlier Italian painters; and which, until I visited Poland, I had conceived to exist only amongst the fine ideal forms of art. More than once an involuntary awe has seized me on contemplating on the shoulders of a Hebrew villager, a head presenting those traits of physiognomy, which, by a long association, I had always conjoined with the abstract ideal countenance of the Saviour of the world.

The women are represented as being handsome; and their head-dresses, resembling those of the Egyptian sphynxes, seem altogether unchanged since the age when Herodotus describes a similar race of people, under the name of *Melanchlæni*, dwelling among the Scythians on the banks of the Tyras.

In traversing Moldavia, Dr. N. notices the singularly primitive aspect of the country, intersected with marshes and small lakes in a degree curious beyond all description, and every way less civilized than any territory in Europe. Hordes of gipsies are met travelling in caravans with patriarchal simplicity, accompanied by herds of horses and horned cattle, and by bullock waggons; the women, grotesquely attired with large head-dresses covered with a profusion of gold and silver coins and barbaresque ornaments; the infants, naked as they were born, trudging at the heels of the cavalcade; and the men, finely formed, but grisly and savage, and half naked, with a loose jacket of sheep-skin thrown across their shoulders.

Near Jassy the travellers were met by a young Greek gentleman, sent by Prince Mourousi, the Hospodar of Moldavia, (who was not long after strangled, by order of the grand Seignior) to welcome them. By him they were entertained in the oriental style. The population of Jassy (the Jassiorum municipium of the Romans) consists of about 10,000 Greeks, Albanians, Russians, Jews, and native Moldavians. The streets, instead of being paved, are laid with massive beams of wood. The situation is unhealthy, from the marsh effluvia of the numerous marshes round the city, which is also exposed to the ravages of troops of hungry wolves descending during the long winter nights upon the inhabitants from the adjoining mountain forests. To repel these ferocious invaders, every family keeps a brace or two of fierce dogs, whose baying banishes sleep from all eyes but those of the citizens accustomed to the din.

Moldavia is very fertile, producing all kinds of fruits, corn, oil, honey, and wine. The severity of the winter is turned to good account in the manufacture of the latter.

The wine is exposed in immense butts to the open air during the severe nights of December, and when its watery particles

have become frozen by the cold, they perforate the cake of ice with a hot iron, and draw off the pure and vinous part highly concentrated. After this process the wine equals that of Hungary in strength and flavour.

The country swarms with wild boars, deer, partridges, and hares; it is estimated that half a million of the latter are annually destroyed.

[We find the interesting matter of this part of the journey too copious to be conveniently comprised in our present Number, and therefore trust our readers will have no objection to see the words.]

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANNALS OF BANKS FOR SAVING. 8vo. pp. 190.

Among the many benevolent Institutions which have adorned the British character within the last twenty years, there is not one which so entirely meets the approbation of the philosophical mind, one so absolutely free from objections to the political economist, as that of Saving Banks. The very purest of eleemosynary charities offer a bonus, more or less, to idleness; sap to a certain degree that noble spirit of independence, which becomes no order of the people so well as the inferior and labouring class; and make a breach in that principle of self-reliance, which is the firmest support of the social system, and which once broken in upon, soon becomes a total ruin.

Of the Saving Banks, all we need say in commendation is, that their effects are the very opposite of these; that they cherish industry, teach prudence, give security and increase to the fruits of honourable exertion, encourage moral habits, and reward a youth of honest labour with an old age of respected comfort.

The present work is, we believe, from the pen of a gentleman of high commercial distinction, who, as a member of the House of Commons, took a leading part, with the late Mr. Rose, in the formation and regulation of these provident establishments. To the benefits he conferred on his country by so doing, he has now added another, of much utility, by publishing this manual of information on the subject. The facts and intelligence comprised in his volume are calculated to be essentially serviceable to the community, and we have pleasure in saying, that they are unmixed with schemes and theories, which might perplex the understanding, and rather mar than promote the object in view.

It will readily be felt that it is not consistent with the plan of the *Literary Gazette* to do more than call attention to a work of this nature; and we can declare, that it seems to us to be eminently worthy of notice, as fully answering its declared purpose, "to spread more generally a knowledge of the high importance of these Institutions in a national, and their inestimable advantages in a social point of view, —to serve as a manual of useful suggestions towards their establishment, constitution and management; and as a chronicle of the great and successful exertions, which the philanthropy and patriotism of their founders have already made in this interesting cause."

We rejoice to observe, from the provincial Reports which it contains, how prosperously the Saving Banks are going on, wherever they have been established.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR JANUARY 1818.

The first article is an excellent one on Major Rennell's Illustrations of the History of the Expedition of Cyrus, which only its length induces us to defer.

Art. II.—*Historia præcipuorum Regnorum Arabum, &c.* By M. Rasmussen, Professor of Oriental Languages at Copenhagen.

The history of the Arabs previous to the foundation of Mahometanism is very imperfectly known, and it may be said that we are wholly ignorant of it previously to the third century of the Christian era.

But the rarer the documents are which the Mussulmans have preserved of these ancient periods of the history of Arabia, the more important it is to publish them with translations, and to place them within the reach of all those who love to study the history of nations in its sources. Several fragments extracted from Tabari, Masoudi, Hamza Isfahani, Nowairi, Ebn-Cotaiba, and Abulfeda, have been already published by Ed. Pococke, Alb. Schultens, M. Eichorn, and M. Silvestre de Sacy. The pieces contained in the present volume are an important addition to what we already possess of this kind.

It is well known that M. Suhm, who has done such service to the history of his country, and to historical science in general, became possessed of the manuscripts of Reiske, after the death of that celebrated philologer. To M. Suhm we are indebted for the publication of the Annals of Abulfeda, and of Reiske's translation, a part of which only was published during his life; but not accompanied with the text, and without notes. After the death of M. Suhm, Reiske's MSS. were deposited in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. Among them was a copy of several fragments of the work of Hamza Isfahani, called *Tarikh Aloman*, or Annals of Nations. This copy was made by Reiske from a manuscript in the library of the University of Leyden. These are the fragments now published by M. Rasmussen, who, after having studied Arabic in several of the German Universities, and afterwards improved himself at Paris in the knowledge of that language, has now a Professorship of the Oriental Languages at Copenhagen. The young editor has added to the text a Latin translation, and learned notes. The chapters of Hamza now published are the 6th, 7th, 9th, and the first section of the 10th (the 8th was published by Schultens in his *Historia Imperii vetustissimi Joctanidarum.*) Having thus briefly announced this work, we have only to add, that M. Silvestre de Sacy, at the conclusion of an elaborate critique, highly recommends it to the attention of all those who study oriental literature.

Art. III.—*An Heir in his old age, a Chinese Drama, translated into English by* Mr. Davis.

We shall not enter into a long account of this little volume, which such of our readers as interest themselves in Chinese literature have doubtless already seen, and which we recommend to those who have not seen it, as a very entertaining production. Indeed, as M. Remusat observes, Mr. Davis, who states that he has omitted a small number of passages, either grossly indecent or insupportably tiresome, seems to have made rather too much use of this licence, as the passages omitted would form nearly a third of the work. The indecent passages may indeed well be spared; but by omitting the others, the translator has in fact rendered the drama more animated, more conformable to our notions; but has at the same time deprived it of that native colouring, of that Chinese character, which it was essential to retain.

Art. IV.—*Recherches Historiques et Critiques sur les Mystères du Paganisme.* Par M. le Baron de Sainte Croix.

This work having been first published in 1784, must be already well known to our learned readers. The first edition, however, was not made by M. de St. Croix himself, who was indeed much dissatisfied with it; and was particularly displeased, that in the middle of the work a dissertation by M. Ange de Villoison was inserted, which expressed, in Latin, an opinion wholly different from that which the author himself had expressed in French. M. Silvestre de Sacy, to whom the learned world is indebted for this second edition, has neglected nothing for the improvement of a work, of which only a very imperfect edition has hitherto appeared, and which the author since 1784 had not corrected and enlarged, as it merited.

Art. V.—*Memoirs towards the History of Solitary Bees, of the species Halictus.* By C. A. Walckenaer.

The ingenious author of these memoirs (six in number) seems to have taken uncommon pains to acquire a thorough insight into the habits of these insects; and the lovers of entomology are much indebted to him for the light which he has thrown on one of the most curious and most obscure parts of that science. Naturalists await with impatience the great work which he has in hand, relative to Spiders; which will be equally important, and will likewise greatly advance the science of natural history.

Art. VI.—*Cours analytique de Littérature Générale.* Par N. P. Lemercier.

Meaning to take further notice of this work on a future occasion, we pass it over here.

Art. VII.—*C. M. Frechnii Rostochiensis de Numorum Bulgaricorum forte antiquissimo libri duo, &c.*

M. Fraehn, Professor in the University of Casan, is already known to the amateurs of the literature, and particularly of the Numismatology, of the East, by the description which he has given in Arabic, of several coins of the princes of the dynasty of the Samanides, and by the catalogue of the most curious medals in the cabinet of M. Potot, which has been published under the title of *Numophylacium Orientale Pototianum*. Several other dissertations have shewn, that he has profited by a residence of several years in a country where an intercourse with the Mussulman Tartars, and the monuments of the ancient power of the Moguls, afford valuable assistance towards the study of the languages and history of the East. This work of M. Fraehn's is no less conspicuous than the former, for the variety and solidity of the knowledge, the judicious criticism, and the excellent method which distinguish it. But as the principal subject is not very interesting, and we cannot enter into the details which constitute its real merit, we merely observe, that it treats on some silver and copper coins of the city of Bulgar. Mr. F. had designed to publish a dissertation on that ancient city; but circumstances having obliged him to defer this intention, he has thought it worth the while to publish the present dissertation separately. M. F. is appointed successor to the learned Tychsen, at Rostock; but will first pass some time at St. Petersburg, where the Academy has given him the honorable commission to class and describe the Oriental medals in its rich cabinet, from which we may justly expect a work of the highest importance.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, Feb. 7.

The Propaganda has received accounts from a Capuchin missionary, who has penetrated into the deserts of Bahia. After having travelled a long time, he met with a tribe of savages, who, being entirely secluded from all others, live more like brute beasts than rational creatures. Father Ludovico found himself surrounded by fifty-three savages, men and women. They were quite naked, and all armed with bows and arrows. The missionary endeavoured to conciliate them by little presents; at length he inspired them with sufficient confidence to induce them to accompany him to the nearest habitations. He there baptized eight of their children, with the consent of their parents. Another monk having joined Father Ludovico, these two missionaries will attempt to penetrate farther into the interior of the country. This enterprise may be as advantageous to the sciences as to religion.

A young Improvisatrice, named Rosa Taddei, is at this moment the object of general admiration. She possesses all the charms, and all the talents, which Madame de Stael gives to her Corinna.

The *Diario Romano* announces the arrival of Father Angelo di Polli, a Franciscan monk, who has been twelve years as a missionary in Egypt. Among other curiosities which he has brought with him, are the dress or covering of a mummy, ornamented with gilding, figures of birds and hieroglyphics. Under this dress there were three rolls of paper, only two of which are in good preservation; they contain, as far as can be observed superficially, some account of the life of the deceased in hieroglyphic characters. When these rolls shall be properly unfolded and examined, as well as those which are in the Museum at Paris, and which were also brought from Egypt, it is hoped that it will be possible to give a more detailed explanation of them. These MSS. are the oldest that we are acquainted with, and appear to be written in languages that are entirely unknown.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Oxford, *March 7.*—On Wednesday last the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:—

Masters of Arts.—Robert Ingham, Esq. Fellow of Oriel College, grand compounder; Rev. Francis Pott, of St. John's College; Rev. Anthony Charles Payler, of Merton College; Rev. Charles Blencowe, of Lincoln College; Rev. John Kingdon, of Exeter College.

Bachelor of Arts.—Mr. Philip Buckley Edwards, of Brasennose College.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POLAR ICE.

Professor Parrot, in Dorpat, has written on the freezing of the salt water, in respect to the origin of the Polar Ice. Though navigators say that the Polar ice contains no salt, yet the author thinks and proves that mere tasting cannot decide the problem. If the ice in the Polar regions contains no salt, it cannot be frozen sea water, but ice of glaciers, which cover the Pole of our earth, and to which our European glaciers are mere mole-hills. The unsalt water flowing from the glaciers is lighter than the sea water, and consequently keeps on the surface, makes the latter less salt, and thus more liable to freeze. Therefore, the ice which covers the Polar regions must increase, and continue to increase, every year, in height and extent; for this reason the climate of Iceland and Greenland becomes continually more severe, and those countries lose more and more of the inhabitable surface, &c.

[This is a very different hypothesis from that recently so ably maintained by the Quarterly Review.]

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor.

Sir,

I have observed the notice you have taken of my Lectures, in common with the others, which have been delivered during the present season at the Royal Institution, and beg to thank you for the encomiums you are pleased to pass upon them, though I feel they are but ill deserved.

From the candour I have universally observed in your criticisms, I am sure you will not permit a report, which was incorrectly printed in your last Number, to stand uncontradicted before the public, especially as it must at once declare my ignorance of the subject upon which I was treating. I allude to your account of my last lecture, in which you make me to say "that the first time the variation was accurately noticed was in 1575, when it was found to be about 11° 30′ east, that is to say, the magnetic pole was so much to the east of the north Pole of the earth," &c. (See the passage alluded to, p. 154, of your last paper.)

What I stated was, that the magnetic variation was first noticed by Norman in 1576, when it was 11° 15′ to the east of London, consequently the magnetic pole must then have been in that part of its revolution round the North Pole, which would produce this angle as viewed from London, and not that the Poles were really so far distant from each other. With respect to the alteration in variation, it cannot with any certainty be taken as you state, at about 12 degrees in 82 years, nor did I so express myself, because from the year 1672 to 1780 the variation at London augmented in round numbers about 2 degrees in each year, while for the last 38 years it has only increased 1 degree 2 minutes, it having been 23° 34′ in 1790, while it is but 24° 36′ at the present time, and the period of 82 years which you mention has arisen from a misconception of my meaning. I stated a curious coincidence which I had noticed, that from 1576, when the variation was first observed, to 1657, when the line of no variation passed London, was a period of 81 years during which the eastern variation had decreased 11° 15′, and that from 1657 to the present year was very nearly double that period, being 161 years, in which time the needle had acquired very nearly a double quantity of western variation, viz. 24° 36′; and being now at its maximum, there was every reason to suppose that the general periods of increase and decrease were equal; and should this prove to be the case, we might expect the line of no variation to pass England again in 161 years, or in 1979; but as an entire traverse of the needle from the extreme E. and W. points of variation had not been observed since the variation was discovered, it was impossible to come to any decisive conclusions on this head.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

John Millington.

Upper Mall, Hammersmith, March 9, 1818.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 6.

No. CLXVIII. The Day after the Fair. *L. Clennell.*

We should have been very sorry to have had this old say applied to us, in consequence of our overlooking this modest and unassuming but highly meritorious work of art. The scene has all the appropriate circumstances attendant upon the removal of booths, barrels, bottles, and all the various *et ceteras* belonging to the business and furniture of a fair; and they are executed in the best manner. A carpenter is in conversation with a countryman, which evidently relates to the price or materials for erecting the stalls. Women with their half-packed clothing and lumber are seated on the ground, and the horses stand ready to remove the multifarious encumbrances of the motley mart. The management of light, shade, and effect, is judicious and clear. The countryman stands with his back towards the spectator; his smock-frock receiving the light, and conducting the eye to that point. This figure holds a dog which carries it off, and moderates in some degree the abruptness of its form. The general tone of colour is grave; a mass of trees receives the objects, and relieves the several characters which compose this clever group, while some patches of lively colour in the draperies in the foreground give spirit and vivacity to the whole. In short, nothing characteristic of the subject seems to be omitted.

XIII. A Boy eating Oysters.—*E. Childe.*

Had this artist been content to have placed his crabs, lobsters, and red herrings, on a stall, and left them to *speak for themselves*, we have no doubt they would have been properly appreciated. We acknowledge we have seldom seen any thing of the kind, even from the pencils of the best Flemish masters, which go beyond them. Our painter has, however, unluckily brought the human form and countenance into the piece; and his management of this part of his subject is every way the reverse of his still life. Hoping for his better judgment in future, we cannot help applying the lines of Mr. Hoppner on a similar occasion: when speaking of the French School, he sarcastically remarks,

> Where broad-cloth breathes, to talk where cushions strive,
> And all but Sir and Madam are alive.

A few other performances, of pigs, goats, &c. by *the same*, are of considerable merit.

CCLXXXI. Moses breaking the Tables.—*A. Aglio.*

This historical landscape (we say so, though its essential attribute is not very definite) in which the figure of Moses is introduced, has great merit: the colouring is rich and harmonious; and the forms, generally, of a grand character. But here the charm ends, as is often the case, through the want of congruity in the component parts. The figure of Moses, for whom the surrounding scenery and subordinate figures were created, (we cannot believe he was made for them) is the most mean and inferior;—a feeble old man expressing a feeble resentment, instead of the incensed messenger of God, and the great legislator of a peculiar and favoured race. The tables of the law are broken, but how? They appear as if they had been cut into skilful diagrams, or had crumbled of their own accord under the hand of time, not as if they had been dashed in pieces by the holy fury of the angry prophet. Had we spoken of this work as a landscape alone, we must have expressed the warmest admiration of its general effect, and more especially of the beauty of the distance, than which we never saw any thing entitled to more unqualified approbation.

CCLXVII. Cain: "Where is my brother?" *The Same.*

We hope his brother will not come, for this picture is better without its fellow. The landscape is not in the true character of its subject. Dark clouds, whence issue bright lights, are not sufficient. There should lie more of gloom and obscurity to accompany the dreadful question. There is also something very puerile in conducting a ray of light to a simple flower; the incident takes from the character of the piece, without adding any thing to the general effect. The figure of Cain has much of the frantic, but ought surely to have been more elevated. Poetical licence would have sanctioned this at any age of the world, but it was absolutely necessary among "the first of men." We have delivered our opinion freely of this artist, because there is much talent displayed in these and in his other pictures, (Nos. 62. 198. and 290.)

CXCII. The Mill.—*George Jones.*

We select this from the six subjects exhibited by Mr. Jones, because it does most honour to his talent, though his sketches shew some promise, and his cottages are very pretty. With regard to our selected subject, as on the fairest surface the smallest spot is visible, so in the clearest and more perfect works of art, the least deviation from harmony and keeping is soonest observed. A small speck throws the eye from its repose; and it is thus that in this truly beautiful picture of Mr. Jones, our first notice is of the bird, which seems to stick to the wing of the windmill, instead of being buoyant in the air, and separated from all solid objects. The woman coming down the slope is also a little too short. But with these trifling exceptions, evincing only that we look closest where we admire most, we are ready to bestow on this picture the meed of our highest approbation. It is indeed a delightful production.

CCLXXXVIII. Philosophy at Home; or Domestic Comforts.—*James Green.*

> Man may for wealth or glory roam,
> But woman must be blest at home;
> To this should all her studies tend;
> This her great object and her end.—*Nugent.*

We must credit Mr. Green for a very pleasing composition, in which are thrown together a female, a glass of gold fish, and a cat. The lady occupies the center, and may be supposed to be placed there for the purpose of defeating the fell and feline intentions of grimalkin, which are pretty evident. But what all this has to do with his epigraph about "home" and "philosophy" we are at a loss to guess. We will take it for granted that the lady is at home, and intends to keep there, which certainly does require some philosophy on her part, considering the propensity to gadding so falsely attributed to the female character. The fishes are philosophers per force, and in their silence prove their relationship to the greatest of ancient schools. The cat is certainly an emblem of home, but not as here applied. Mr. Stothard, in his picture of the Deserted Village, has by a master-stroke imparted great interest by the introduction of this domestic animal—the cat remains on the outside of the closed door, while the mournful group, followed by the faithful dog, are taking their departure. This is an affecting incident. We repeat, the present is a very pleasing picture, but has too much of still life in the principal figure, and does not answer the motto under which it is painted. A little more vigour of pencil and character would improve it much.

XXXI. The Bombardment of Algiers. *P. H. Rogers.*

This may be a representation of the scene, but has in no other respect interest as a picture. We confess we cannot tell whether it is day or night; but fellows, like us, who sit at home in their studies, have no right to criticise those dreadful frays.

XXXII. Torch-light.—*John Stevens.*

This is a boy holding a torch, with some effect of light; but such a subject requires abler treatment to become worthy of much notice. If Mr. S. aims to produce any thing great in this way, he must study Schalcken, and Wright of Derby.

XC. A View from the Harbour of Constantinople, &c. taken in 1816. *Miss Eliza Maskall.*

It is said that Michael Angelo, in giving his opinion of oil painting, said it was only fit for women; doubtless implying the facility with which inaccuracies might be obliterated. He painted in fresco, which admits of little or no alteration, and which requires not only celerity but correctness. In our day, with less severe notions, we are inclined to think differently of the practice, and when a female steps into this line of painting, she has, to our mind, gone out of the ordinary track, and given proofs of perseverance and resolution which are entitled to great praise. We have therefore much pleasure in paying a tribute to female talent in the performance before us, which would do credit to artists of higher professional name. In a scene of splendour and commercial activity, Miss M. has produced an effect of warmth and glow suitable to the climate.

The sun's place is within the picture; a practice adopted by Claude and Rubens and other eminent masters with occasional success, for to succeed in this is no ordinary task. In general the glitter upon the foreground objects distracts the attention; and it requires deep and broad masses to oppose or bring out the effect of sunshine, and this glitter and want of contrast attaches in some degree to the work of this lady. There appears also a want of perspective in the boat, part of which is hid by those nearest the eye, or base of the picture. There is too much light upon it to be found in any object with which the sun is brought into competition. The transparent medium of water, or some highly polished substance, alone can reflect the rays of that bright luminary. Upon the whole the work does honour to female genius.

(To be continued.)

ENGRAVED PRINTS.

Our attention was called, by an advertisement in our last Number, to the publication of several new engravings; and, consistently with our plan of noticing works of merit in this line as they appear, we take leave to offer a few remarks on these productions, which we cannot but consider as doing great credit to the branches of art to which they belong. The two first mentioned Views are the Ruins of Elgin and of Lindasfarne Cathedrals; well engraved from paintings by Mr. William Wilson, to whom, in this instance, one of the most distinguished connoisseurs in the arts in Great Britain, the Prince Regent, has accorded the marked honour of his immediate patronage. We do not mention this as the sanction of an illustrious sovereign, but as the testimony of an individual of the finest taste, which carries great weight with it to all acquainted with the state of our national school. In point of fact, we find these views very beautiful. Lindasfarne is a peculiarly fine subject, and has been very finely treated; Elgin is also a striking remnant of ancient splendour; and both prints, with the four which preceded them, form an interesting series of Northern monastic architecture, including the fine Abbeys at Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh.

The two other works which claim our notice, are Views of Glasgow, from drawings by Mr. Wilson, engraved in aqua-tinta by C. Bennett, and coloured. Were we not aware that such things occupy a long time in producing, we could fancy that these delightful pictures were painted to illustrate Rob Roy, or that Rob Roy was written to illustrate them. One of them has a conspicuous view of the *Laigh Kirk*, so admirably described in that celebrated novel; the other is a more general view of the city, with the river, bridge, &c. which are also mentioned in the perambulations of Mr. Osbaldistone. But they stand in need of no adscititious recommendation, for they are intrinsically possessed of all that can command applause from the lovers of the fine arts. We are not acquainted with any recent publications which do so much credit to the artist. The subjects are well chosen, and ably executed. There is a degree of elegance and grace about them, which seems incompatible with the idea of a manufacturing city, and yet they are perfect portraits. They are finished in a style so completely to resemble drawings, that none but an experienced eye can discover the difference. In short, they seem to us to be a triumph in the manner of aquatint engravings in this country; in which it is pleasing to think that we have now rivalled the very foremost of our continental competitors. The execution in this respect, the tone of colour, and the beauty of the original views, combine to render these worthy of our highest panegyric, and of public admiration, far beyond what local scenery can generally aspire to win.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

The annual dinner for the promotion of this fund, took place on Thursday week, and was attended by about a hundred and sixty persons. The Gentleman who did us the kindness to be present on our behalf, gives us, we are sorry to say, a rather unfavourable account of the proceedings of the meeting. He states, that there was little order and regularity preserved; that owing to the necessarily early secession of the Duke of Sussex from the chair, some confusion arose, which hindered the chief business of the day from being clearly and successfully carried through; in fine, that most of the party seemed bent on their individual pursuits, and did not sacrifice enough to that forbearance, without which, social comfort is unknown to a numerous and mixed company. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we rejoice to learn that the subscription was considerable.

The tone taken by those who addressed the assembly, appears, as reported to us, to have bordered too closely upon sheer begging. The unfortunate in the arts are entitled to higher consideration. They claim our compassion; but ought to be treated in a way to shew that they are also entitled to our respect. It is displeasing to hear them spoken of like common beggars. One poem was recited by Mr. Thomson, and another was distributed, on this occasion. In conclusion, a *ruse* was played off, which we do not believe is common in such cases: as the company retired, they were invited to drink a cup of tea or coffee, and if they accepted the invitation, they were charged eighteenpence for their politeness. This was rather severe upon a charitable association.

It is gratifying to have to add, that this truly excellent and benevolent Institution is prospering exceedingly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are tempted by the beauty of our Poetical contributions this week, to point particular notice to the following pieces.

THE STAR.

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of Night
Beams yon fix'd Star! whose intermitting blaze,
Like Woman's changeful eye, now shuns our gaze,
Then sparkles forth in loveliness of light.
Still-twinkling speck! thou seemest to my sight
In size a spangle on the Tyrian stole
Of Majesty, 'mid hosts more mildly bright,
Altho' of worlds the centre and the soul!
Sure 'twas a thing for Angels to have seen,
When God did hang those lustres thro' the sky—
Suns, founts of life! and Darkness sought to screen
With dusky wing her dazed and haggard eye—
In vain, for, pierced with myriad shafts, she died;
And now her timid Ghost dares only brood
O'er Planets in their midnight solitude—
Doom'd all the day in Ocean's caves to hide.
Thou burning Aide of a star-verged Wheel!
Dost thou afflict the Beings of thy ray
With feelings such as earth-born Wretches feel—
Pride, passion, hate, distrust and agony?
Do any weep o'er blighted hopes—or curse
The hour thy light first usher'd them to life?
Doth Malice, keener than Assassin's knife,
Stab in the dark? or seeming friendship, worse—
Skill'd round the heart with serpent coil to wind—
Forsake and leave his sleepless sting behind?
No! if I deem'd it I should cease to look
Beyond the scene where thousands know those ills;
Nor longer read that brightly-letter'd book
Which heaven unfolds—whose page of beauty fills
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot!
Oh! when the soul, no longer earthward weigh'd,
Exults tow'rd heaven on swift seraphic wing—
Among the joys past man's imagining,
It may be one to scan, o'er space display'd,
Those wondrous works our blindness now debars—
The awful secrets written in the Stars!

R.

THE COMET.

Regnorum evexsor pabuit lethale COMETES.

Behold! amidst yon wilderness of stars
(Angels and bright-eyed deities, that guard
The inner skies, whilst the Sun sleeps by night)
Is one unlike the rest—mishapen—red—
And wandering from its golden course. It seems
Some spirit from the nether world hath 'scaped
Heaven's vigilance, and mixed with purer forms
To work there deeds of evil. If Sybils now
Breathed their dark oracles, or nations bent,
As once they bent, before Apollo's shrine,
And owned the frenzied priestess' augaries,
What might not this portend?—Changes, and acts
Of fear, and bloody massacres—perchance
Some sudden end to this fair-formed creation—
Or half the globe made desolate.—Behold!
It glares—how like an orach. If that I
Could for a time forget myself in fable,
(Indian or Heathen storied) I could fancy
This were indeed some spirit, 'scaped by chance
From torments in the central earth, and flung
Like an eruption from the thundering breast
Of Ætna, or those mighty hills that stand
Like giants on the Quito plains, to spread
Contagion thro' the skies. Thus Satan once
Sprang up adventurous from Hell's blazing porch;
And (like a stream of fire) winged his fierce way
Ambiguous—undismayed—thro' frightful wastes,
To where, amidst the jarring elements,
Stern Chaos sate, and everlasting Night
Held her dominion—yet even there he found

The way to Eden. But away such thoughts,
Lest I, bewildered by my phantasy,
Dream of dark ills to come, and dare believe
(Shutting my eyes against the gracious light
Now given) that the Eternal Power can sleep
While mischief walks the world. B.

THE MOON.

IL PENSIERO.

My mind is full of many wanderings,
Past thoughts, that come like shadows from their graves,
Dissolving as we clasp them,—sudden sounds,
That have no touch of earthly minstrelsy,
But seem to fall bathed in the honey dews,
And soft as star-light.—Yet within the brain
Waking strange fantasies, and then they fly,
And leave me feeding on my melancholy.
Twilight is gone at last, and night is come,
To torture me. And now its herald wind
Comes gushing chilly thro' my prison bars.
I hate thee, yet thou'rt lovely to Earth's slaves;
To the tired sea-boy nestling in the shrouds;—
The soldier loves thee, weary from his march,
And longing to angird his harnessry;
The o'erlabour'd peasant feels thee full of life,
And thy dim clouds stoop down, a covering
Of genial slumber on his quiet bed.
But to the brain of visions, to torn hearts
Mouldering, like embers that yet feed their flame,
Mother of spectres, thou'rt a fearful thing.

— — — — —

But light is stealing dimly thro' my cell,
Streak upon streak, like chon ivory-lined,
The Moon has risen. How glorious thro' the clouds
She sweeps her way, a bark magnificent,
Careering lonely thro' a silver sea.
Now the white billow hides her—now she rolls
Free thro' a sapphire depth, anon a ring
Swells round her, swiftly tinged with widening hues
Of watery pearl, and the white blowing rose,
As if her prow had plunged, and chafed the blue
Of that celestial ocean into foam.

— — — — —

I feel as if strong pinions on my feet
Were lifting me from earth.—I see the Moon
Expanding as I rise. 'Tis lovelier now,
Tho' seen but from mid air. Long emerald hues
Mingled with purple, and the sapphire light
That beams from evening waters, image there
Bowers of bright beauty, solemn glades, soft hills
Empurpled with the mantle of rich blooms
That know no time of fading, crystal lakes
Fanned but by musky gales those sweet buds breathe.
Thou art no pilgrim-bark thro' heavenly seas;
But a soft lower Paradise, to soothe
The spirits of the innocent, ere they pass
Before the loftier throne. Here rest, sweet babes
That looked but upon earth, and wept and died,—
Maids that like may-dew shone, and were exhaled;—
High hearts that died of unrequited love,
As myrtle blossoms, dropt without a wind;—
Disastrous patriots, fallen before they won
The desperate field,—their laurels pluck'd, not wreath'd;—
Bards, that with nature's touch awoke the harp,
Yet won not the world's ear, till on their graves
That sweet harp echoed, drawing useless tears.—

— — — — —

I're reach'd thee now. Thou art no Paradise,
Where injured Spirits brighten for high Heaven,
Thou art a lonely throne; thy canopy
Veils the resplendent Angel of our world.
A thousand seraphs in their circles wait
On Him, the Servant of a mightier ONE.
Some he commands to wheel in holy watch
Around the globe, some from their plumes to pour
The harvest blooms of gold, some to drop dew
And odours on the shrub, and springing flowers,
Some to tint beauty's cheek, or limn the clouds
With light of gems, and blushes of the morn.
But in his own high hand he holds the reins
That rule the Ocean. Still I see him not,
So deep a veil is round his kingly tent,
Flashing thick brilliance like a web of stars.
It opens. Thou bright sitter on that throne!
My spirit sinks before thee, as the night
Before the morn,—'Tis not the diadem
Floating in diamond fires upon thy brow,
Nor sceptre, tho' it glow with living light,
Perpetual, pearly flame and lambent gold,
I bend before thy power of loveliness.

— — — — —

He sits like one embosom'd in high thought,
His arm outstretch'd, and hand upon the globe
Of his fixed sceptre; his eye gazing far
And forward, shooting out a calm, long blaze
Blue as the lightnings on the summer eve.
His locks are amber rays, that sparkling fall,—
Parted, around his high, pure brow, and shade,
Clustering, the cheek, where flowers of Paradise
Mix with the splendours of the western Sun.
He stands, and his broad wings unfold above
In feathery light, pavilioning his state,
A silver canopy; not without sound,
Nor fragrance, as they ruffle that sweet air;
But followed with wild, sudden symphonies
That earthly harps know not; and odorous breath
Richer than myrtles and the Persian rose,
Crush'd, wreath'd and weeping, i'th' evening dew.

X.

THE SLOE.*

The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine.
Blackmore.

Blackmore, well thou deserv'st thy Dunciad fame,
For libelling the shrub whose praise is mine.—
Hail SLOE, which ne'er till now rais'd poet's flame,
But in his Mistress' jetty eye to shine;
Hail SLOE, I sing thy juice in black-red † wine,
Inspiring bards beyond Oporto's grape;
Thy leaves I sing, when tea dispels the gape
Of languor, by its influence divine! ‡
Britain, disdained so long by foreign tongues
For thy poor share of fruits, Pomona's gift!
Boast now thy SLOE, with loud-resounding lungs,
Thy peerless plant, which crowns each barren clift:
And this of thy *laudanum* be the drift:—
"China shall have no ko-tou for her teas,
Europe may drain her wine-press to the lees,
We care not—with *sloe-leaves and juice* we shift!

WILL. TARDUS.

* Several manufactories of tea from the leaves of the blackthorn, or sloe, were last week discovered by the Excise.

† Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply.—*Pope.*

‡ The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade.
Waller.

BIOGRAPHY.

REV. DR. BURNEY.

CIRCUMSTANCES sometimes occur to prevent us from fulfilling that part of our design which comprehends the original biography of distinguished persons. Among those whose memoirs we have had no opportunity of obtaining, is Dr. Burney, and when we consider that efforts are now making to dispose of the library of that eminent scholar, we are not sorry to consult our own sense of impartiality, and probably the feelings of his relatives on the score of delicacy, by copying the annexed sketch from an excellent contemporary publication, the New Monthly Magazine:—

CHARLES BURNEY, D.D. LL.D. F.R. and A.S. Chaplain to the King, Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, Vicar of Hernhill, Kent, Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy, and Honorary Librarian to the Royal Institution, was the son of the late Dr. B. of musical celebrity. He was born in 1758, while his father resided as organist at Lynn, in Norfolk. At an early age he distinguished himself for his proficiency in classical learning; and as an assistant to Dr. Rose, at Chiswick, he perfected himself in those studies which in his later years acquired him the high reputation he so long enjoyed. On his marriage with Miss Rose the management of the school devolved upon him; and the best portion of his subsequent life was passed in the laborious duties of a schoolmaster for many years at Hammersmith, and afterwards at Greenwich. The eminence to which many of his pupils have risen in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the senate, bears strong testimony to his unwearied assiduity in this arduous profession. From the peculiar mortifications attendant upon this task, Dr. Burney was not exempt, although he toiled for so many years, and with so much success in this wearisome profession.

From this enervating profession the Doctor in 1812 totally retired, leaving in the hands of his son, the Rev. Charles Parr Burney, a charge which he had himself so long and so honourably exercised. In 1807, Dr. Burney entered into Holy Orders, and his resided since his retirement from the school, at his Rectory-house, at Deptford. There, in the continued prosecution of literary pursuits, were passed his latter years. Surrounded by the noble library he had collected, he enjoyed in the bosom of his family those pleasures which a cultivated mind can alone appreciate. There too, in the full vigour of manhood, with the promise of an extended life, he was summoned suddenly, but not unprepared to eternity. On Christmas eve, after reading to his family the sermon which he had prepared for the following day, he retired to bed in perfect health. Next morning, his servant, on entering his chamber, discovered that while dressing himself, he had been seized with an apoplectic fit, and was extended on the floor. He lingered almost speechless till his dissolution on the Sunday following.

The world, by common consent, has long acknowledged him the first classical scholar of the age. When Porson died, the palm became undisputed; and, though we have still left amongst us men, whom days of undivided toil, and nights of undiminished study, have rendered accomplished and profound, even by these the name of Burney

will continue to be adduced, as of one who had reached the most eminent literary ascendency. In his criticisms in the *Monthly Review* he has left admirable specimens of his talents and skill.

No man could endear himself to his friends more thoroughly than the subject of this sketch. His mind, stored with the richest treasures of antiquity, was equally attentive to the literature of the passing day, and the lighter ornaments of social converse flowed from him with a peculiar grace and playfulness. To the attainments of the scholar was added the polished carriage of the gentleman, and in his conversation, the eye could speak what the tongue might leave unfinished. His friends will long remember the fascination, and to those who knew him not, the charm is incommunicable.

As a Divine, the discipline and orthodoxy of the Church found in him a stanch and steady supporter; and, although he published but few works on religious subjects, those which he has left are useful and important.

It would scarcely be possible to adduce a stronger attestation of his merits as an instructor, than the existence of a club consisting of gentlemen educated by him, and called after his name, *The Burney Club*—who since his death have opened a subscription for the purpose of erecting a bust and tablet to the memory of their respected master in Westminster Abbey. His library, containing many highly valuable MSS. has been offered by his son to the British Museum, on behalf of which a petition has been presented to Parliament, praying that this collection may be purchased for the benefit of the public, and deposited in that institution.

Dr. Burney was the author of the following publications:—"Appendix ad Lexicon Græco-Latinum, a Joan. Scapula constructum, et ad alia Lexica Græca e Codice manuscripto olim Askeviano, in lucem nunc primum vindicato," 8vo. 1789.—"Appendix, containing Remarks on the Greek Verses of Milton"—at the end of T. Warton's edition of Milton's Minor Poems, 8vo. 1791.—"Richardi Bentleii et doctorum Virorum Epistolæ," 4to. 1807.—"Tentamen de Metris ab Æschylo in choricis Cantibus adhibitis," 8vo. 1809.—"Bishop Pearson's Exposition of the Creed, abridged," 12mo. 1810.—"Philemonis Lexicon Græce, e Bibl. Paris," 4to. and 8vo. 1812.—"Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's, May 14, 1812," 4to. 1813.

ROBERT BEATSON, LL.D.

We are indebted to the same source for the following:—

Died, at Edinburgh, Jan. 24, ROBERT BEATSON, LL.D., F.R.S. Edin., late barrack master at Aberdeen. He was born in 1742, at Dysart, in the county of Fife, and bred to the military profession. In 1756, he obtained an ensigncy, and the following year accompanied the expedition to the coast of France. He afterwards served as lieutenant at the attack on Martinique and the taking of Guadaloupe, and about 1766 retired on half pay. On the commencement of the American war, he endeavoured to obtain employment in a situation suitable to his former services, but without success, and since that time chiefly devoted himself to literary pursuits. His publications are, "A Political Index to the Histories of Great Britain and Ireland," 8vo. 1786, of which a third edition, in 3 vols. appeared a few years ago. "Naval and Military Memoirs of Great Britain, from 1727 to the present Time," 3 vols. 8vo. 1790; 2d edition, 6 vols. 1804.—"View of the memorable Action of the 27th of July, 1778," 8vo. 1791.—"Essay on the Comparative Advantages of Vertical and Horizontal Windmills," 8vo. 1798. "Chronological Register of both Houses of Parliament, from 1708 to 1807," 3 vols. 8vo. 1807.—Dr. B. contributed several papers to the "Communications to the Board of Agriculture," of which he was an honorary member.

COUNT VON KUNHEIM.

The following article is from a German Journal:—

Lieutenant-General Count von Kunheim, an officer in the Prussian service, the last branch of the family of Dr. Martin Luther, died recently at Koningsberg, at the advanced age of 88. The General was descended in a direct line from the daughter of Luther, who in 1555 married George von Kunheim, Lord of Mulhausen, Sassenau, &c. by whom he had nine children. It is well known that the line of the male descendants of Martin Luther became extinct with Martin Gottlob Luther, an advocate of the Regency of Dresden; but there still remain in Prussia several descendants of Margaret Luther, the only daughter of the Reformer, from whom General Count von Kunheim descended in a direct line. Margaret Luther was born in 1534, and was twelve years of age at the death of her father. She herself died in 1570.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—For this week we must be brief in our history of the Opera. The weightier matters press us out of shape. But if we were even inclined to wander away into the heights or depths of panegyric, it would be in our admiration of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, the first of ROSSINI's operas which has been offered to British ears, and one of the most delightful. Vocal without extravagance, rich without losing sight of the most touching simplicity, and various without embarrassing the ear by its complication. It has all the qualities of musical genius. The story is the old one of the adventures of *Count Almaviva*, a kind of field in which every composer seems anxious to try his force, and in which all have failed but MOZART and his successor,—a few years earlier he might have been almost his rival,—ROSSINI. But worn as it is, the interest is sustained with singular skill by the music. Not an incident which could have introduced variety into the drama, has been passed over by the composer, and for the first time we see the spirit of Comedy drawing new life from the spirit of Song. We can now delay but to give the two instances of this, in the intemperate gratitude of the serenaders in the first act, and the heaping of the whole family story upon the luckless officer of the patrol who comes in to arrest *Almaviva*. Our criticism may be, at another view, more detailed. GARCIA, from the Neapolitan stage, and last from the Italian Opera in Paris, made his first appearance in the Count. He is a tall and dashing figure, with a great deal of action, and a voice of singular sweetness and flexibility. He was received with great favour, and the favour seemed to increase to the close. His swaggering, drunken, sportive *drugeon*, was one of the most amusing caricatures we have seen, and unrivalled by any performer of the night, except by AMBROGETTI in the *Guardian*, one of the purest, most faithful, and most rigorous delineations of a restless, unhappy, over-vigilant nature, that the stage, foreign or domestic, can shew. This man has the talents of a great actor. NALDI, on whom, as *Figaro*, a large share of the action depended, was unusually arch and animated. He was in perpetual movement, and he moved without his old perpetual *grimace*. The opera has the single fault of too great length. No possible power of music can keep an audience *contented* to sit for four hours in contentment, and that too in a pit where the benches seem expressly made for trying the patience of the amateur, and for driving those who are neither patient nor amateurs, into hissing, and hatred of the performance, from the mere pain of their backs. Why cannot a rail be run along those comfortless benches, as at the Argyle and Hanover Square rooms, and every room where an audience are expected to sit at their ease. We would seriously recommend this to the proprietor. He has exhibited his spirit in the splendor of his matchless chandelier; let him now condescend to think of humbler conveniencies, and as he has delighted our vision, have compassion on our *lumbagos*. The opera is *too long*. We dislike this, first for its necessary exhaustion, and next, for its exclusion of the divertisement, a part of the performance which ought *never* to be omitted,—as an indulgence in itself, and as highly contributing to the enjoyment of the remaining music of the night. The second act of *Il Barbiere*, affords large room for excision. Three fourths of it might be cut out, with advantage to the effect of the rest. It has beauty, but beauty that may be spared. The two portions before and after the Divertisement ought to be divided into as near an equality as possible, and the whole would be more secure of popularity. This the manager ought to see done, without listening to the clamours of the foreigners, who of course

beset him with growlings and supplications, each for his separate chance of glory and grimace. As new performances of this rank appear, we shall turn to them the notice which they are so likely to deserve. Garcia's accession will give a strength and richness to the *cast* of the operas which must throw great resources into the manager's hands; and we congratulate the lovers of fine composition on the indulgence which this season promises to provide.

Drury Lane.—Being still preparing, and not yet performing, novelties, we have this week the pleasure of being relieved from noticing its productions. The *stoves* behind the scenes have been defended in a letter to us from a Correspondent, who asserts that they afford the most convincing proof of the admirable comic humour which prevails in the management of this theatre, for, says he, "having starved their scanty audiences to death with cold during all the winter, now that summer approaches, they are resolved to make amends, by stewing them into life again with heat!"

Rob Roy continues to be announced—the following amusing anecdote will shew how these things are done; we have it on respectable authority.

"A Gentleman having dramatised Rob Roy, presented it to the managers of Drury Lane for approbation: he saw Mr. H. Johnston, who informed him, they had two before from the same novel; but that his should be examined, and a report made in a day or two, adding, that business was despatched now! The Gentleman called in a few days, saw one manager, who knew nothing of such a piece; saw another, who was no better informed respecting it; a third said, 'O, here comes Mr. Lethbridge, he knows all about it.' The first manager then asked if he (Mr. L.) had read the plays of Rob Roy; he answered, that he had; he was then asked, which he thought the best, and very laconically replied, '*the shortest, always*.'"

N. B. Mr. Lethbridge is no less a person than the *Carpenter!*

Miss Kelly having made application to the Committee of Managers for six weeks leave of absence, the wise men of Gothom laid their heads together, and returned for answer, that she could not have leave of absence for six week, but that she might for six months. She thanked them, but said she did not wish to throw up her engagement, as their leave would intimate; but that she should take such part of the six months as best answered her purpose, and return to their treasury when that ceased.

Covent Garden.—Rob Roy Macgregor; or, Auld Lang Syne. A Musical Drama founded on the popular novel of Rob Roy, constructed by a gentleman hitherto rather successful, Mr. Pocock, and who in this piece has certainly the merit of handling this story in as dramatic a way as it could be treated. As every body who could get the book has read Rob Roy, we are relieved from the usual analysis of plot. Suffice it to say, that the Play opens with the Macgregor and Owen meeting near Glasgow, somewhat as the former and Frank Osbaldistone meet in the novel; and thus all the early parts of the original work are omitted, and the plot commences where the interest thickens. The scenes then proceed through the series of the gaol of Glasgow, the Highland Inn, and its tragi-comic quarrel, the capture of Macgregor, the ambuscade and destruction of the Sasanagh detachment, the restoration of the chieftain to his clan, and the death of Rashleigh (altered in circumstance, and transposed in time and place;) together with a few connecting scenes of minor interest and song. These form a Whole, not only excellent in the humble light of an operatical vehicle, but really meritorious as an acting drama. But after allowing his full share of applause to the *constructor* (we hardly know what is the proper title for the *authors* of works of this description), and granting that he has managed his part of the business with uncommon skill and judgment, the chief praise after all must be divided between the novel writer and the principal performers. The dialogue is little altered from the original; and it is curious, after being so much delighted with persons in a narrative form, to find ourselves so much pleased with them, as we were on Thursday, in the shape of living interlocution. We scarcely pre-supposed that even Liston could make our worthy friend Baillie Jarvie so truly entertaining as he has done. And this is nearly a sample of the rest; Blanchard's Owen approaching it in excellence as far as the character would permit. Rob Roy was admirably performed by Macready, who seemed to inherit from nature the manly force and reckless intrepidity, of which the *Mac*, both to his real and stage name, is an indication. Abbott played the double traitor Rashleigh in a very superior manner: 'the Dugald Creature,' Macgregor's faithful follower, was rendered highly conspicuous by Tokely: and Helen Macgregor had an able representative in Mrs. Egerton, to whom we only recommend to throw as much more energy as she can into her earlier parts, and a little less into the later. This is a mere suggestion, and not a criticism. Andrew Fairservice is a complete failure in every respect. Having thus briefly disposed of the most prominent acting characters, we have to notice that the musical burthens were laid on the lips of Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair; the latter of whom, on re-appearing after a long absence from the stage, received a cordial welcome. They are the Die Vernon and Frank Osbaldistone of the novel, but much reduced in point of vigour, which is balanced by their being much enhanced in point of singing. Their songs are all, with one or two exceptions, old and beautiful Scotch airs;—Roy's wife, O hone a rie! Auld lang syne, Low down in the broom; Fee him, father fee him; the Highlandman, &c.;—the exceptions, by Bishop and Davy, are well calculated to keep up the general sweet character of the music. Though the words of some of the songs are not appropriate, they were all much applauded, and several encored. We wish those who enchanted us so much with them, could put a little more spirit into their action.

The scenery is very beautiful, and with some of the groupings of soldiers in the old military costume, and highlanders in their picturesque native garb, produced as fine effects as we ever witnessed on the stage. The ambuscade, and the fight among the wild rocks of the highlands, was a well contrived thing of the kind, and had more the semblance of reality than can be conceived without seeing it.

Taken altogether, we consider this to be the best piece of the sort which has yet been produced, and we have no doubt but that it will have a very long run.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The press has groaned for the last week under the load of long Parliamentary debates; the chief result of which has been the 2d reading of the Indemnity Bill in the House of Commons, after a division, in which the ministerial majority was immense. The numbers were 238 to 65; and it is evident from this, and other circumstances, that a strong body of the Opposition have gone over to the government side.

The French legislature has been as closely occupied with the recruiting law, which has not yet acquired its last formation.

Another rather mysterious *accident* has happened near the Duke of Wellington's residence. One of the sentinels fired off his musket in the night time: he says he was attacked, but the Moniteur seems to think that he discharged his piece rashly, and invented the story to excuse himself.

The storm which raged so furiously last week, extended to the French capital. Trees were torn up in the gardens of the Tuileries.

By accounts from the Netherlands, it appears that the Prince of Orange has again resigned his appointment as Minister at War. Various reasons are assigned for this step, and the journals assert, that it is not the consequence of any family differences.

The government of the Ionian Republic, under the protection of Great Britain, has been finally settled.

Very extensive measures are taking in the East Indies to accomplish the repose of that mighty Empire, by placing British residents at all the Mahratta

courts. Nothing but a general system of this kind, together with its concomitant of maintaining a subsidiary force with each of these restless Powers, can effectually secure the peace and happiness of the Peninsula.

Serious differences seem to have arisen between Spain and the United States.

VARIETIES.

A German Musician, named *Furstenau*, at present engages the attention of the Cognoscenti of Germany by his performance on the flute, and displays his talents, as it is stated, on the identical instrument which Frederick the Great employed alternately as a flute and a walking cane, during his pedestrian excursions.

Arabian Horses.—M. Rosetti, Austrian Consul-General in Egypt, has communicated, in the "*Mines of the East*," some interesting accounts of the races of Arabian horses, of which there are five: the noblest is the Saklavi, which are distinguished by their long neck and fine eyes. The tribe of Rowalla has the most beautiful, and the greatest number of horses. Among the colours an Arabian writer mentions *green*; it appears however from the context, that it is the colour which we call fallow. The author affirms, what he has himself witnessed, that the animals perceive when they are to be sold, and will not permit the buyer to come near them, till the seller has formally delivered them up, with a little bread and salt.

French Translation.—The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence, has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says; "People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo." Upon this the translator makes the following note: "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it is the Opossum; but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History"!!!—This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A Gentleman saw a person poring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" 'I don't know (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this *cursed Lilliput* any where'!!

Extraordinary Circumstance.—In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable, but not improbable account. "A merchant not only heard the name of Buonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of this tyrant in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This Biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking.

In the Kingdom of Naples, in the very centre of Græcia-Magna, there is an Italo-Greek College, in which upwards of a hundred young men of Epirus and Albania are instructed, chiefly *gratis*, in the Greek language and philosophy. There is in Naples a vast number of establishments for promoting Latin and Greek literature.

There is at present published in the French language, at St. Petersburgh, a periodical work entitled, *Les Ephémérides Russes, Politiques et Litteraires*, by M. Spada. M. Paul Swinni edits *Le Description de Petersbourg, et de ses Environs*, in Russian and French. There is besides, another periodical French work published in that capital, entitled *La Lanterne Magique*.

Italy has lost her most celebrated professor of agriculture and botany, Count *M. Filipo Re*, who died lately at Modena. Among the vast number of works which he has bequeathed to posterity, we may distinguish his *Elementi di Agricoltura*, the only Italian production in which the most solid principles of chemistry are applied methodically and clearly to practical agriculture.

Horticultural Society.—At a general meeting of this Society last week, the silver medal was presented to Wm. Kent, Esq. of Clapton, for his account of the cultivation of aquatic plants. Various papers were read: one on the culture of the fig-tree in the open air in England; and another on the different fruit-bearing passive flowers in this country, particularly a recently imported specimen from the Brazils. Fruits from the Continent and America were exhibited, and a historical sketch of the products of Italy communicated.

German Literature.—Several officers of the Prussian general staff have begun to publish an interesting military Journal, in the first number of which there is a day-book of General Lauriston, which was found on the field of battle of the Katzebach, with several other papers. Though it is only a fragment, the rain having destroyed several leaves, it is still perfect enough to lead to some interesting observations.

The accounts of Count Schulenberg, of his campaign in Poland and Saxony, in the years 1703—1706, acquire a particular literary value, from several inedited Letters of Voltaire. Among other things, he writes to the Count, "Have you never thought, Marshal, how detestable, though it may be necessary, your profession is? I have been assured, for example, that General Renschild, after the battle of Fraustadt, had from 12 to 1800 Russians massacred in cold blood, who six hours after the battle begged for quarter on their knees. The historian Adlerfeld affirms, that there were only 600, and that they were killed immediately after the action. From you I expect to hear the truth, which is as dear to me as your glory." But Schulenberg did not answer.

Important to Literature! During the year 1817, there were exported from Petersburgh 2,047,300 *quills*.

Adam Muller, the famous prophet, has gone to Frankfort with his profession; but it is not so lucrative as heretofore.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

March.

Thursday, 5—Thermometer from 45 to 35.
Barometer from 29, 01 to 29, 26.
Wind S. W. 4, which abated about noon, and became ½ in the evening.—*Dreadful are the effects of the wind, related in all the periodical publications.* Morning clear till about ten, when heavy rain began again, with some abatement of the wind. Afternoon and evening clear.
Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Friday, 6—Thermometer from 35 to 46.
Barometer from 29, 47 to 29, 61.
Wind W. and S. W. 2—Morning and evening clear; smart showers of rain and hail during the day; the hail-stones as big as peas. Lightning in the S. E. in the evening, and very vivid and more frequent about eleven.
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Saturday, 7—Thermometer from 34 to 48.
Barometer from 29, 49 to 28, 99.
Wind S. and S. W. 3—But blowing in very violent gusts from the south, with heavy rain, from about eleven till about two. The evening clear, with strong flashes of lightning in the east. Waters out.
Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Sunday, 8—Thermometer from* to 46.
Barometer from 29, 10 to 29, 37.
Wind S. W. and W. by N. 2—Generally clear; the evening hazy.
Rain fallen, 375 of an inch.

Monday, 9—Thermometer from 32 to 42.
Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 54.
Wind W. by N. and S. W. 1.—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally cloudy, with a little rain in the evening. A black or wind frost this morning; ice on puddles and ditches.

Tuesday, 10—Thermometer from 29 to 40.
Barometer from 29, 55 to 29, 49.
Wind S. W. 2.—Generally clear; some few flakes of snow fell in the afternoon; dust flying in the high roads; canals frozen over.

Wednesday, 11—Thermometer from 30 to 42.
Barometer from 29, 70 to 29, 49.
Wind W. by S. 1.—Morning clear; became quite overcast by noon, with small cumuli passing slowly beneath. Many small flies on the wing in the afternoon.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.
Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

* The index must have been moved: I suppose it was about 38.

**** We are printing a* Title Page *for our first Volume, and when ready, we shall announce to our friends how it may be procured without trouble or expence.*

BENSLEY and SONS, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.